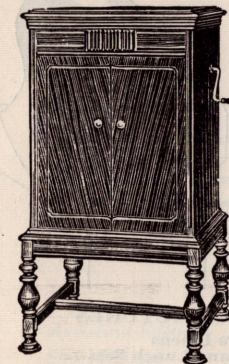


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The Student's Pen



November
1926



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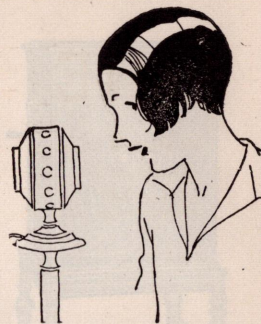


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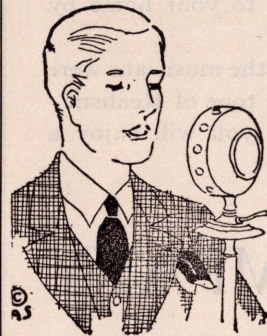
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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No. 2

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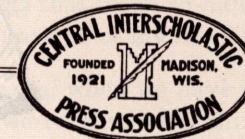
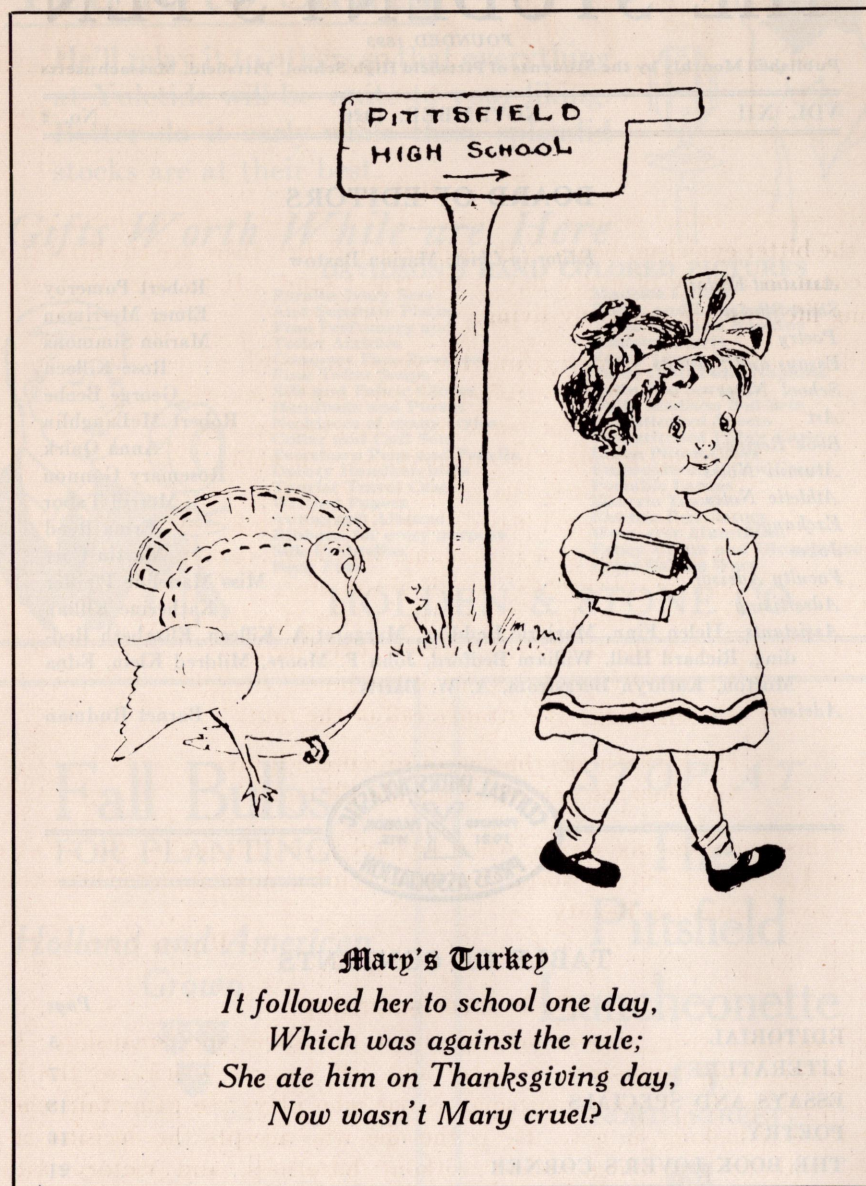


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EDITORIAL

EDITORS
DESK

R.M.L.

Thanksgiving

THE world is full of beauty. Underneath the glaring hardness, down in under the bitter cynicism, beneath the ugliness and dirt, there are the little things. The common beauty of every day is the truest kind. If we miss that, we are missing life; we are not truly living.

I will take everything life gives to me:
 Mystery of night, when all the world lies still
 Beneath the blue-black sky; the glorious, free,
 Blue golden days of summertime; the chill
 Autumnal rains; the wind; the loneliness
 The dark brings; dawn; a wish made on a star;
 (Will it come true?) thoughts that bring happiness;
 Slim, silver birches; candle gleam afar;
 Purple of shadow clouds; the white May nights
 That bring the fairies; sorrow, even pain;
 All friendly smiles; scent of the pines; firelight;
 A push aside; the strange call of the rain:

The little things that mean so much I'll take,
 And thus the pattern of my life I'll make.

In this Thanksgiving season, when we have given thanks for the great and wonderful good that is in the world, then let us think a moment on the little things. Let us give thanks for Beauty.

Marion Bastow '27

Good Sportsmanship

IN RECENT years a great deal has been said about sportsmanship. Good sportsmanship represents fair play and self control which are the bases for all good sport. A good sportsman is one who plays the game fair whether the referee is looking or not. He is the one who accepts the decision of the referee without grumbling, defeat without bitterness, and victory without arrogance.

But in general too much has been said about sportsmanship among athletes and too little about sportsmanship among spectators. Certainly this is unfortunate, for the number of spectators at a game cannot be compared with the number of players.

In the tense moments of a close game have you ever heard the grandstands cheer when the opposing side made an error? That's poor sportsmanship. No

fair-minded spectator wants to see his team win on the other team's errors; he wants to see it win on its own merits.

To cheer when the opposing quarterback fumbles the ball or the visiting high jumper knocks down the bar does not bring up the standard of your school, and it shows that you are a poor sportsman.

Have you ever heard the spectators cheer when a penalty is imposed on the other team or jeer and hiss when that same penalty is imposed on the home team? These are the two most unsportsmanlike habits that any spectator can practice.

Now our football season is in full sway and soon those exciting basketball games will follow. Let's resolve today to do our bit in bringing the standard of sportsmanship on the bleachers as high as it is on the athletic field!

A. M. Coleman '27

The "Getting By" Spirit in Pittsfield High School

THE "getting by" spirit is a recognized evil influence in school life. What do we mean by "getting by"? The phrase suggests some fixed point, a goal in a competitive race. When used in connection with high schools it may well be considered the passing mark. Pittsfield High School is just like all other high schools with respect to this careless, "getting by" attitude, which has been adopted by so many of our students. It does not matter to them what grade they receive between zero and one hundred so long as it is above seventy. When one makes his goal ninety, he sometimes falls to eighty-five. So when one makes his goal seventy, he is likely to fall below it.

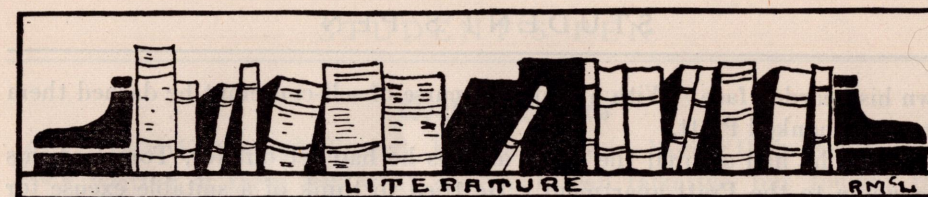
What has brought about this spirit which is so prevalent among students? The one thing which has done most to foster this "getting by" spirit is the importance placed upon the passing mark. Yes, too much depends upon it. A passing mark, whether seventy or ninety-eight means exemption from special report cards or deficiencies. The passing mark means receiving credit or points for graduation. In fact, the very diploma itself means the passing of a certain number of subjects with a grade of seventy or over. The failure to obtain the passing mark means a deficiency, the repeating of a subject, and finally a lack of points and the forfeiture of the privilege of graduating with one's class.

Look about in your classroom and see how few persons really care whether they receive an "A" or a "C" on their report cards. See how many would feel satisfied, or more than satisfied, if they received all "C's". You will be surprised at the number of pupils who go thru class on nerve, bluff, and a prayer.

Classmates and students of the Pittsfield High School, listen to me when I tell you that school spirit does not always mean the participating in football and basketball games, nor does it always mean the cheering of our team to victory. It can and does mean the adopting of a scholarly attitude in the classroom, the doing of one's best, which is all that can be asked from anyone.

Let us do away with this "getting by" spirit and make a habit of preparing our lessons to the best of our ability, of being as helpful as possible to our teachers, who are all deserving of our praise and co-operation. Let us raise the standard of P. H. S. as high in scholarship as it is in athletics.

Antonio G. Massimiano '27



Brother Jim

TOM PRATT laid aside the newspaper that he had been reading and looked at his wife. She was sniffing suspiciously and dabbing at her eyes, dark brown eyes, with a small, lace handkerchief.

"What's the trouble, Mary?" he asked softly.

The only answer was a louder sob and a shaking of the shoulders. Mr. Pratt rose quietly and placed his hand on his wife's shoulder.

"Come now, what's the trouble, has something gone wrong today?"

"It's Jim again, Tom," sobbed Mrs. Pratt. "I just can't think of a brother of mine being in jail."

"But he's out by now. His term was up three weeks ago, and he's probably staying at some boarding house now," reminded Pratt. He fondly pulled his wife's ear and then brought her the paper that he had recently laid aside.

"Look here, Mary, I see where the price of turkey has gone up again. It's lucky we've got ours. It's about time to put it in the oven, isn't it?" he inquired. Pratt pointed out a section of the paper showing the prices of turkey. But at the mention of this famous bird, Mrs. Pratt sobbed louder and sniffed, "Poor Jim probably won't have any turkey." The last thing Pratt heard as he left the room was, "Poor Jim, poor Jim."

He slipped into his overcoat and hurried out of doors. He reflected that he had never seen this brother of Mary's and that Mary herself hadn't seen him for over five years. Well, there wasn't anything he could do about helping this James Grant, the brother, so Pratt forgot about him. He hurried down a side street, and while bowing his head to avoid a particularly cold blast of wind, collided roughly with a person who was going in the opposite direction. This person was of slight build and at the impact of the collision, slipped and fell heavily. With a muttered apology, Tom Pratt helped the fellow to his feet and glanced at his face. Pratt half turned away when he saw it. The man's face was ugly with scars and a coarse growth of black whiskers gave a queer dirty look to the skin. One ear had been nearly torn off—probably in a fight, Pratt thought—and the nose was slightly crooked. But Pratt looked again when he saw the man's eyes. They were large eyes, dark brown, and in some way they reminded Pratt of his wife's. He muttered a word of apology.

"It was nothing, sir, nothing at all," said the ill-dressed individual. His voice was shaky as he assured Pratt that he was not hurt in the least; then he turned to go. But something in the man's eyes prompted Pratt to detain him, and he awkwardly sought to question him. Suddenly a thought came to Pratt. Why not invite this man to dinner? He laughed ironically at this idea and mentally pictured his wife's face if she should see this fellow. But the pathetic look of longing in the man's eyes decided the question and he invited the fellow to his home. The poor creature nodded shyly and suddenly large tears rolled

down his bearded face. With a muttered curse of self-contempt he dashed them away and thanked Pratt.

When he had secured the small articles he had set out for, Tom took his companion to the Pratt apartment. He tried to think of a suitable excuse for bringing home this wretched bit of humanity, but the only thing he could think of was his companion's eyes.

A current of fragrant air met their nostrils as the door of the Pratt home was opened. Tom could hear his wife clattering pie tins in the kitchen. He made his companion sit in a comfortable chair in the parlor and then hurried out to her.

"Why Tom! are you crazy or what?" demanded Mrs. Pratt, when she had heard his story. "Why, that fellow looks like a tramp. He's probably a thief, too." Mr. Pratt bade his wife be quiet, and entering the parlor, told his guest that he might wash up. The results of this operation were little short of miraculous. The fellow's face seemed less ugly and scarred, and, queerest of all, his eyes shone more brightly. A thorough brushing made the pitifully thin clothes a bit more presentable.

Yet at her first sight of the invited one, Mrs. Pratt could not repress a shudder of disgust. When she beheld the torn ear, she mentally rebuked her husband for bringing such an ugly looking person into the house.

But the guest seemed quite at ease. Only when Pratt happened to mention the missing brother and asked the stranger if by any chance he knew of a Jim Grant, did the man stiffen and turn his eyes upon his hostess.

"Yes, I knew a Jim Grant when I was in—", he stopped abruptly. Silence settled over the trio. But Mr. and Mrs. Pratt could have finished the sentence. On her side of the table, Mrs. Pratt was growing more and more distrustful of her guest. It was such men as this, she reflected, that influenced many young men like her brother and got them in jail. She grew almost rude to the man and would not look at her husband. The guest cast appealing glances at his hostess when she wasn't looking, and finally said bitterly, "Did you ever know what it is to be down and out, and then to have someone feed you?"

Pratt looked up inquiringly. Mrs. Pratt, roused from her thoughts of her poor brother, laughed sharply. The visitor's face turned pale under his black growth of beard and he smiled bitterly. Finally the meal was over. Mrs. Pratt could hardly bring herself to accept graciously the earnest thanks of the stranger. But Mr. Pratt went as far as the outer door with his guest and watched him go down the street. When the man had disappeared, Pratt suddenly remembered that he hadn't asked the fellow's name.

He turned to a policeman who was standing nearby and asked, "Who was that man that just came out of my door?"

"That fella?" returned the officer, "Oh, that's Jim Grant. He got his face burned in an explosion while in prison and I guess he's gone wrong. Anyway, I've been keeping my eye on him."

Pratt sighed, returned to the parlor and picked up his paper. But he saw only the clear, brown eyes of Jim Grant, and did not hear the good wife scolding him for bringing home such a terrible looking "tramp."

E. C. Merriman '27

Double Worries

MIRIAM KING and Obadiah, her brother, were having their evening meal. Neither of them was what you would call talkative, but tonight they seemed even more silent than was their wont. At length Obadiah cleared his throat, an act which heralded all his speeches, and broke the silence.

"I went to the Orphan Asylum today with Mr. Littlewood, Miriam. You know he and his wife have decided to adopt a boy. A cute little tike. Littlewood talked me into thinking it would be kind of nice for us to adopt one of the young ones."

"Obadiah!" Miriam's tone and the expression on her face told volumes as to what her opinion was.

"Oh, well, I was just thinking," Obadiah weakly defended himself.

Seemingly the subject was dropped then and there, but Miriam, watching Obadiah throughout the evening, knew that he was still thinking of it. What foolish ideas Obadiah did get! At his age you'd think he'd have some sense. It probably never entered his mind how much worry and trouble children are. They scratch the furniture and always catch colds, or fall down and scrape their knees. Such were Miriam's thoughts as she automatically knitted before the fireplace. But then, on the other hand, she and Obadiah were well off. What did a few scratches matter? And if the children were properly fed and dressed, there was no reason why colds could not be avoided. Perhaps—"Ding, Dong!" the clock struck ten-thirty. Mercy! way past their bedtime! Miriam aroused Obadiah, who had dozed off, and ordered him to bed.

When Miriam once made a decision she acted upon it immediately. So ten o'clock the next morning found her at the Orphan Asylum stating her errand to the matron. Three-quarters of an hour later, Miriam left the children's haven, accompanied by a bewildered, little girl who clung tightly to Miriam's hand much to that woman's delight. After a few hours of shopping, the two returned to the apartment where Miriam endeavored to teach the now eager, little girl how to make a cat's cradle with string. The hours flew by so quickly that before she realized it, it was time for Obadiah to return from his office. What would he think? Soon she heard his steps in the hall. But what in the world was he doing? The noise was similiar to what might be heard at a prize-fighter's reunion. No, it sounded like a hundred-yard dash, now.

When Miriam's curiosity had reached its highest pitch, Obadiah, greatly disheveled, appeared in the doorway with a lively, little towhead on his back. Spying his sister's small protégée, he gave Miriam a prolonged stare which she fully reciprocated, while the two children grinned shyly at each other.

"Who's that?" Miriam finally found her tongue.

"I adopted him," said Obadiah belligerently. "But who's that?"

"I adopted her," grinned Miriam in return.

"What are we going to do with them?" inquired Obadiah.

"We'll keep them both tonight and in the morning we will decide which to choose," said Miriam firmly.

Later that evening, after two tired but thoroughly contented children had been put to bed, Obadiah, who in the course of the evening had been a giant, a bear, a horse, and a story teller, looked over at his sister.

"Well, which one shall it be?" Receiving no answer he wheedled, "Couldn't we possibly keep the two? If you think it will be too great an expense I'll give up smoking and the clubs."

"Obadiah," said Miriam solemnly, "that is the first sensible idea you've ever had. Of course, we'll keep the two. Besides, did you ever feel so young in all your life?"

E. M. Whitney, '27

What Price Turkey?

AS YOUNG Abe walked by the turkey pen on his way to the barn he said to himself, "Thet gobbler sure do look like a fine meal." Then, as an afterthought, he chuckled and murmured half aloud, "If he knew what he had coming p'rhaps he wouldn't strut so big."

It was the day before Thanksgiving and young Abe had been commissioned by his father to kill the gobbler which he had been surveying. Even now he was on his way to the barn to get the axe and do execution upon the bird with that same instrument of death.

After the axe had been duly sharpened, Abe came into the yard, set the weapon against the chopping block, and turned to the pen to secure the bird. This he accomplished without much difficulty as the gobbler had no means of escape.

Now, in his short career, Abe had killed many turkeys and the method of procedure had been simple and almost identical in every case. It consisted of holding the bird by the feet with its neck stretched across the chopping block, and severing the head from the body by means of a hard, quick blow of the axe. But for some reason or other this manly specimen of his tribe persisted in moving his head and neck from one section of the block to another in an irritating if not exasperating manner. Abe would place the bird in the desired position and raise the axe in preparation for the blow when the turkey would quite unceremoniously remove its head to other regions. Several repetitions of this act began to work on the boy's peace of mind and aroused such remarks as, "Gol darn ye, hold still," and "Ye act as if ye had St. Vitus's dance."

But even as there is an end to all things, so there was an end to this. Abe finally raised the axe and brought it down with a mighty swing, to bury it, not in the gobbler's neck, but deep in the wood of the chopping block. The turkey gave a mighty jump and a flutter of wings, taking the young farmer so much by surprise that he let go of the bird's legs and almost fell over backwards. When he was sufficiently recovered to realize what had happened, Abe set off in hot pursuit of the escaped potential dinner. The gobbler had taken his stand on one end of a henhouse roof, so the boy decided to climb up the opposite end and approach the fugitive on the same level. However, just as he stood upright on the roof, he was treated to an unexpected and unenjoyable surprise. Just enough melted snow had congealed on the top of the henhouse to make a delightful skating surface, and Abe slid across the roof, gravity doing the rest. As he picked himself up he felt something rise in front of him and with it rose his temper. The epithets he uttered now were much warmer than those mentioned previously. In fact, they were hot enough to warm the air around him.

On its continued flight the turkey went directly over the woodpile and flew toward its original habitat, the woods. Abe, thoroughly angered now, set out on a dead run to catch the bird before it could gain the protection of the thick brush. In attempting to negotiate the woodpile in too few leaps, however, Abe stumbled and gave his shins a light but thorough scraping.

As the boy sat rubbing his smarting legs, tears welled up in his eyes, not tears caused by pain, but those lachrymose exudations which follow close on a deep-biting mortification. If his language heretofore had been strong, that which he used now would surely condemn him to the lower regions for eternity in after life. Whatever his physical condition might be, Abe was "sot" on catching that turkey, now or never, in whole or in part. Forcing his bruised muscles to raise him off the ground, he proceeded to the woods, and almost immediately discovered the fugitive perched on the branch of a tree about twelve feet from the ground. He was about to attempt to climb the tree for the purpose of scaring or catching the gobbler when he bethought himself of the price he had already paid for such rash actions, and hesitated. Then a shrewd, malicious look came into his eyes, and shaking his fist at the turkey, he turned, ran across the field, and entered the house. A moment later he emerged carrying an old style, ten-gauge shotgun. With a swagger in his step, like a soldier confident of victory, he recrossed the field and took a position directly under the limb which held his quarry. Pride and confidence now enveloped him as he prepared to kill his turkey in the good, old-fashioned way. Taking deliberate aim, with the mouth of the barrel not five feet away from the breast of the bird, he pulled the trigger. When the cloud of smoke and shower of feathers cleared away, Abe looked around for the result of his work. The expectant grin slowly vanished from his face and was replaced first with amazement and then with rue. The turkey, or what was left of it, looked like a fine lot of mince meat that had been rolled around in a feather bed. Young Abe looked at the gun, at himself, and then at the turkey, and decided that what he had already gone through was negligible compared to what he had coming to him when Old Abe heard of this infamous piece of work.

Kenneth Roberts '27

The Little Brown Pony

TROT-TROT-TROT!" came the sound of little feet down the paved road. Jean Rodgers sprang up and ran to the window in time to see Caesar Le Maitre, the rich manufacturer's son, gallop past on his pony, Bob, the prettiest, fastest and best little horse in the world, so Jean thought.

"I wish I had a little brown pony like that," she muttered.

"Jean, how many more lessons have you to do? You must go to the store for me before dinner," her mother called.

"I've only my Latin now," Jean answered pleasantly. She took up her Caesar's "Gallic Wars" and laid it on the table. Then she went over to the book-case and, putting her hand behind the row of books, took out a little brown volume, its longest dimension being about four inches. This, too, she laid on the table beside "Caesar."

"Anyway, I have got a little, brown pony," she chuckled inwardly.

The fact that Caesar Le Maitre had a little, brown pony was a joke at school, and a poem had been composed about him and Bob, similar to that of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." But Caesar never used an inanimate pony; he was bright, and intelligent enough so that he could use his brain without exertion and obtain remarkable results. He had been rightly named Caesar.

Once when her mother entered the room, Jean quickly pushed her pony under her books, but she found it very difficult to "trot" when she was not "ponying" thru. But when her mother's back was turned, Jean mounted her faithful steed and rode gaily along.

"How would I ever finish my Latin if I didn't have this beloved friend," she thought to herself as she put her books away.

When Jean entered the kitchen a few minutes later, her mother, surprised at her appearance, commented upon the fact that the Latin assignments must be easier than they had been in previous years. But Jean, vouchsafing no comment, departed on her errand.

When she returned, her brother Billy, who had arrived home from college for the vacation, greeted her. They were fooling near the table where Jean had been studying, and accidentally knocked the ink bottle and books on the floor. The brown pony came up on top and there in letters that seemed three times their actual size was printed, "Handy Literal Translation."

"Oh, you're not using one of those first aids for the brainless, are you?" Billy asked.

Jean felt the blood rush to her face; the deed that had been concealed so long, had finally come to light.

"What does your Scout Captain think of it?"

"Why! I never thought anything about it, so I didn't bother to ask her," Jean tried to say smoothly as she went across the room to look at the Tenderfoot Scout Laws.

"A girl's honor is to be trusted," she read. "Oh, dear me," said Scout Jean Rodgers, Tenderfoot.

One morning, several days later, Mrs. Rodgers remarked, "That pony of Caesar Le Maitre's is a clever animal. Caesar told me that he could shake hands, ring the dinner-bell, and walk up and down stairs."

"I knew a pony," Jean ventured, "that could light a fire."

Billy understood and said, "Really, Jean," but her mother did not comprehend.

At school Jean's Latin marks were slowly climbing up, but she never boasted of the fact, not even in her letters to Billy who was back at college again. She heard one day that Caesar Le Maitre's father was leaving town and everything had to be sold, even the treasured Bob. Several times Jean broached the subject at home, but folks never understand when one hints at things.

When Billy's letter arrived that week it was very brief; he had won a prize at school, he wrote, and had been in doubt as to how to spend his prize money. Then before Jean's astonished and delighted eyes appeared these lines, "and as I do not need the reward, I have bought you Caesar's pony. I hope you will find it handy and literal, and that it will carry you easily over all the rough places."

Annie Redfearn '28

Essays and Specials

Reverie on a Paisley Shawl

AN OLD paisley shawl which great-grandmother brought from England many years ago is thrown over one end of our davenport. Great-grandmother's mother was the first to wear it, and it has come down through four generations. Whenever I look at it, with its soft colors, the blues, the browns, the orange and the black, it suggests to me all that has happened during its life. It is a symbol of all that has transpired in two-hundred years—the only survivor of past ages.

If it could only recount to me the story of what has taken place in those years, perhaps I should cease to wonder about my ancestors. At last I would know just what they were like. I would see them as they were in all moods, for this shawl has lived intimately with its owners. It has accompanied them in their travels. It has lived with them through happy days and sorrowful moments.

After great-great-grandmother died, and great-grandmother became the owner of the shawl, it left its old home and came to America with the family—grieved at leaving old friends, joyful at meeting new ones. Again days of laughter mixed with sadness and the shawl passed into the hands of a new mistress, my grandmother. New associations, new experiences, new pleasures, and then a great unhappiness came into its life. The style of wearing shawls went out and immediately the paisley shawl was relegated to a chest in the attic.

When our own generation arrived, and with it a revival of all that was old, attic-treasures were brought forth. The shawl again took its place in everyday life. It was brought down from the chest and found itself in an ultra-modern era. But, alas! it came merely to adorn a davenport, to be an antique, to look on at the life around it, not to be a part of it. Now, it can only lie there and pray that it will not be made into a coat, but will be left to live in some future generation when it will again become intimate with the family.

Marjorie Redding '27

Senior Privileges

WHEN we reach that noble rank of seniors we are in a new realm. All has changed. We consider ourselves dignified, important persons, far superior to the sophomore and junior. We take responsibility into our own hands.

We consider it amusing to tell the new pupils where they will find the elevator. We inform them that they should use the fire escape in case of fire. Above all they should never rush in front of us. Seniors come first!

In the halls we may link arms, hum the latest song, and tell of the wonderful time we had last night. But if we are traffic cops, we quickly inform the sophomores that there is to be no talking and that they are to keep in a single file. We are seniors—that is different!

We decide to chew gum in the classrooms. It is against rules to whisper so we will pass notes. During study periods the seniors may eat candy and cookies. We don't have to study—so we'll read the morning's paper or a new magazine.

When the warning bell rings, we may go out in order to tell our friends from another room about our new coat. The hall is a most suitable place for such a chat.

We don't have to hurry to get down to the lunchroom for we may break into the line any place we desire. We are hungry and we are seniors.

In short, seniors may do everything students shouldn't do.

Rose Killeen '27

Who Are They?

I

AFTER residing in Kennebunk, Maine, for one year, this teacher left her birthplace and found her way to our noble city, Pittsfield, where she has lived ever since. She received her early education in Miss Hall's School. Further knowledge was acquired at Smith College.

Having graduated from college she went to Riverhead, Long Island, where she remained for three years. For a short time she taught the sixth grade and later she was an instructor in English and Latin in the High School there. As she had chosen Pittsfield for her home, she realized this city should be shown her ability, so sixteen years ago she entered our high school as a Latin teacher. Latin and this teacher agree very well for she still continues to teach it. Last semester we feared we were to lose this member of the faculty, but inasmuch as she has remained so long we all sincerely trust she may teach in our new high school.

During one summer vacation she attended Cornell where she studied English, German, and Latin. In order to forget the trials of teaching this teacher has a most fascinating hobby, gardening. She is well repaid for her efforts spent in her garden as it brings forth some of the most beautiful flowers grown in this section.

The Autobiography of a School Marm

II

Not everyone has the opportunity to write his own narrative for "Who's Who." Many would pay for the privilege. It is mine gratis.

I was born in a thriving industrial town near the center of our state. My life was endangered before I was a week old. The nurse placed me, wrapped in a large shawl, upon the sofa. When the doctor came to see how the child was progressing, he mistook the bundle for a mere shawl and placed his hat squarely over me. Think what the present generation would have escaped if that suffocation had been completed.

Except for this near catastrophe my early years were uneventful. I entered school when I was five and a half years old and advanced year by year toward high school graduation. During this time the town hall burned and with it, the birth records. To me that is a pleasant memory. A woman may be "as old as she looks." The destruction of those records is the nearest approach I hope to have to perpetual youth.

Five years sufficed for me in high school. Then I went to a co-educational college. Many things may be learned in connection with a college course aside

from curriculum subjects. I learned a few. Among these avocations were: laundering, waiting table, running a switchboard, and tutoring in French. Most eventful was the day on which I received my diploma. I longed to say, "Educated, at last." But I knew the process was begun, no more.

Then I had a year at normal school interspersed with substitute teaching in the grades and night school work. I found the latter discouraging. If Pietro learned a few words, he graduated from my group into a more advanced one.

The next year I began teaching in a high school of sixty-five pupils. I shall not tell what subjects I taught. I blush to think of my temerity. Suffice it to say I would not attempt some of them today.

After a second position, I came to Pittsfield. That ends the story. No, that is the beginning. Pittsfield High School pupils have proved to me that teaching has rich compensation in happiness.

November

November is the month for me,

The best of all the year.

Instead of melancholy,

I'm full of might and cheer.

Of course, it's sad to see the vines

And leaves curl up and die,

But think of what November brings;

The home-made pumpkin pie.

The fields are barren, bleak, and cold.

The winds are biting chill.

Each day uncovers more and more

The thickly trodden hill.

Just compare November

With August or July;

Just note the brown and golden rays

Of mother's pumpkin pie.

Oh, let the winds of winter shriek,

And let the snowflakes fall.

November and the days to come,

Suit me the best of all.

It is the full time of the year,

The bounteous supplies.

My life is full, when I am full

Of home-made pumpkin pies.

Harriet Wilkey '27

Commercial High

Poetry

Berkshire Dawn

Silver dawn
On misted forests;
Blue-gray smoke
Of Indian campfires
Hovers over tangled trees.
The soft tread
Of Indians
Alone, disturbs the stillness.

Silver dawn
Gleaming on white houses;
The air is stirred
By talk of war.
Allen and his "Minute Men"
Are off to Bennington.
Their rhythmic tread
Inspires all youth for liberty.

Silver dawn
On cold stone walls;
Lazy streams
Turn heavy millwheels
Laboriously.
Their grinding tread
Marks man's progress
In the wilderness.

Silver dawn
Gleaming
On myriad windows;
Whistles shrieking
In the crisp morning,
Calling tireless humanity
To the day's labor,
To the noisy lathes.

A. R. Pomeroy '27

Thoughts from the Hills

Up here among the mountains high,
Close to the clouds and to the sky,
And nearer the unknown lands above,
Lands unseen but ever loved,
I imagine I see God's face up there,
Looking down at his children fair,
Touching with gentle hands the earth;
And wherever he touches there is new birth.
Each tree and flower is born this way,
Each little child thus sees earth's day.
And they grow under God's great love and care
Till He calls them back to their home up there.

Dorothy Corley '29

Mountains to the East

Low mountains,
Deep blue, brown, and gold
With reflected
Glory
Of the sun upon them.
Not
Awe-inspiring, proud, or high
But friendly,
Sympathetic, yet
Always firm; unyielding, true
To all
That has been—
True
To all that will be—
Mountains to the east.

M. L. Simmons '27

Another Waterloo

We have good women doctors,
And feminine lawyers, too;
In fact, there's hardly anything
The fairer sex can't do.

They are good politicians,
They've perfected catching crooks,
But there is one thing they cannot do,
That's put fat worms on hooks.

A. Hettstrom '27

A Masquerade

I always thought that red was warm,
And never chill and cold;
Yet the shivering winds of the Autumn-time
Are draped in red and gold.

The glow of the sun on the red, red leaves
Makes a scene that's gay and bright,
But the biting frosts that the Autumn brings
Are a chill and icy white.

I think, when the leaves are rattled
By the chilly winds that rise,
Winter's chuckling, cold and stiff,
In his brilliant red disguise.

Betty Hulsman '28

Prisoner to the Nightingale

Bird—trilling so plaintively,
Why dost thou mourn?
Hast thou not liberty?
No fetters hold thee
Be not forlorn!
Prison walls stay me
Chained in captivity;
Hope is unborn.
Sing thou the conqueror's song!
Glory of life belong
To your sweet melody.
Bird—sing not sorrowfully,
Thou hast thy liberty.

H. M. McGill '27

In the Sabbath Hush

Out of the silence there came a snap,
Then an uneven tap, tap, tap,
Like cascading, tumbling, falling rain,
Or dropping kernels of winnowed grain,
They bounced and hit the pew's smooth floor:
A lady had broken the pearls she wore.

Miles A. Bartlett '27

"October"

A patch of blue sky,
A fleecy white cloud,
Leaves, yellow, and russet and red;
October's gift to my picture frame—
The window overhead.

Marion McGee

A Poet I Admire

EVERYONE has at least one ambition. Perhaps your ambition is to travel or you desire to become a great orator; possibly your ambition is to become a scientist of renown. But my ambition is none of these; it does not require an education, wealth, or a high social position, in short it is to possess as a friend, Edgar A. Guest. Although this seems to be impossible, I feel that I am, in a way, a friend of Edgar Guest's simply by understanding and appreciating the thoughts in his poems. So I say that one may be his friend without an education because his poems contain so much of the ordinary, commonplace things of this world.

The lack of wealth does not hinder one from being his friend, because his poems are in the public libraries and the daily newspapers; and certainly one will not be deprived of his friendship because of the lack of social position. In fact I think that the common, ordinary person understands Edgar Guest's poems better because they themselves deal with common and ordinary things.

Some persons delight in reading poems of great heroes, or poems of war, that are full of excitement, but I prefer—well, I do not know just what to call it, but it is exactly the style of poem that Edgar Guest writes; something of home, and of friends, and of things we encounter every day.

I admire this author because in every poem of his that I have ever read, I have learned some worthwhile lesson. In his poems pertaining to Mother's day, there are lessons of untold value.

In fact it seems that this poet must have had his share of failure, of sorrow, and of disappointment, because he writes in such an understanding, and sympathetic way. He realizes that we all must have a taste of the bitter, and in so many of his poems he strives to tell us that we must be brave, and face this bitterness with a strong heart, and a smile, for there is bound to come a taste of the sweet before long.

I am the proud owner of a little volume of Edgar Guest's, entitled "Friends," and I wish that everyone might read this wonderful collection of poems. One of these, "A Friend's Greeting," contains one stanza that everyone of us would like to have said about him. It is merely one example of the type of poem that this poet writes. The thought it contains is simple, yet beautiful. The lines are:—

"I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me;
I'd like to be that help that you've been always glad to be;
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way."

Betty Young '27

"Wild Asters"

Feathery, purple, and shining gold
Beautiful autumn flowers,
Bringing a message of youth and cheer
Into the weary hours.

Marion McGee

A Schoolboy's Experience

Johnny comes a-running
It's after half past eight.
Wonders if the bell's rung
Alas! he is too late.
Rushes to his home room
And hears the teacher say,
"Humph! Late again?
At two o'clock please stay".

Goes into his classroom
With lesson unprepared;
Other students watch him
And wonder how he dared.
The minutes seem like hours,
Oh! will it never end?
Thinks "If I'm not called on,
My ways I'll try to mend".

Only four more minutes
And then the bell will ring.
Just then the teacher says,
"Next sentence, Johnny King."
Johnny starts a-bluffing;
He hopes it will succeed.
Teacher feeling angry, says,
"Johnny, take your seat".

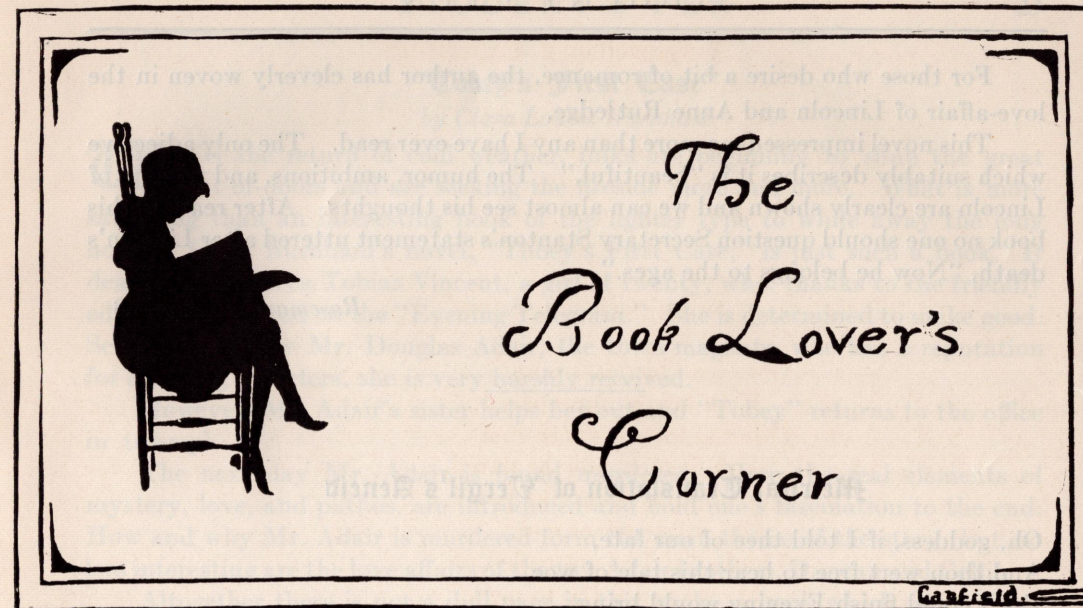
Johnny got an F3
On his term report card.
But this would not have happened
If only he'd tried hard.
Profit by his failure
And try to do your work,
For you'll get an F3
If your work you shirk.

Evelyn Taylor '27

Thanksgiving

The turkey's in the barnyard
All fattened up and nice.
A fruit cake's in the oven,
Filled with raisins, nuts, and spice.
Some pumpkins in the garden
Midst yellow shocks of corn.
And the barnyard's dull, low cackle,
Greets this Thanksgiving morn.

V. Victoreen '29



Singing Winds

"Singing Winds" by Konrad Bercovici is a unique volume of emotional stories of gypsy life in Roumania, "the land of the yellow Danube." The stories are pleasingly varied both in style and theme. In some the reader is thrilled by bronze-skinned wrestlers straining every muscle and sinew for the hand of a gypsy maiden; in some the daring exploits of gypsy bandits in the "purple Carpathians" arouse keen excitement; in some the ruthless floods of the overflowing Bistritza move us to pity, while in others the gay harvest dances fill us with joy. We see the devotion of faithful dogs to their gypsy masters and sense vividly the colorful, romantic gypsy life. This is a book which would be equally fascinating whether the reader were in a joyful or gloomy frame of mind.

A. R. Pomeroy '27

A Man for the Ages

"A Man for the Ages!" The life of the greatest figure in our history is told in detail by Irving Bacheller, who selected Abraham Lincoln to be the main character in this story.

First we find "Honest Abe" among sturdy pioneers in Springfield, Illinois, the sparsely populated and crude Illinois of the period before the Civil War. People came from the eastern states to the "land of plenty" to settle. They were disappointed in many plans, but as the name "sturdy" implies, they endured their hardships as cheerfully as the oak weathers wind and rain. In this small settlement Abe is a "shining light," and his advice is often sought.

Bacheller traces Lincoln's career from its beginning to his ultimate success in Washington. Even here the home-people, simple, honest folk who trust their leader, are very proud of "Our President" as he goes through the trials of the Civil War.

For those who desire a bit of romance, the author has cleverly woven in the love-affair of Lincoln and Anne Rutledge.

This novel impressed me more than any I have ever read. The only adjective which suitably describes it is "beautiful." The humor, ambitions, and wisdom of Lincoln are clearly shown and we can almost see his thoughts. After reading this book no one should question Secretary Stanton's statement uttered after Lincoln's death, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Rosemary Gannon '28

Metrical Translation of Vergil's Aeneid

Oh, goddess, if I told thee of our fate,
And thou wert free to hear this tale of woe,
Ere I could finish Evening would bring
An end to day, and close th' Olympian gates.
The storms have brought us from our ancient Troy,
(If thou, by chance, hast ever heard of Troy.)
And, wind tossed, carried us to Libya.
The just Aeneas, I, who with me bear
Our household gods, wrenched from the enemy.
My fame has risen even to high heav'n.
I seek ancestral lands in Italy,
A race descended from high Jupiter.
I have embarked in twenty Phrygian ships;
My mother shows the way the Fates decree.
Scarce seven ships have conquered wind and wave,
And, unaware, and faint for lack of food,
We wander, lost, upon the Libyan shores.

Book I, lines 372-384

* * * * *

The North wind, filled with storms, strikes full against
The sails, and bears the waves far toward the stars.
The oars are broken; then the prow is turned,
And towering waves, like mountains, beat against
The side. These hang suspended on a wave;
To those the water, parting, shows the earth
Beneath the sea, a whirlpool filled with sand.
Three ships are tossed against a hidden ridge
Of rocks Italian seamen call the Altars;
And three are crushed against the reefs and shoals.

Book I, lines 102-110

M. H. Bastow

"Tobey's First Case"

by Clara Louise Burnham

WITH the return of cold weather, folks are beginning to shun the great out-of-doors and are seeking the fireside more and more. What is more satisfying than an interesting book of the lighter type to while away the long hours? Clara Burnham's novel, "Tobey's First Case," is just such a book. It deals with Rebecca Tobias Vincent, a girl of twenty, who, thanks to the friendly editor, is employed on the "Evening Telegram." She is determined to make good. Sent to interview Mr. Douglas Adair, the town magnate, who has a reputation for avoiding reporters, she is very harshly received.

However, Mr. Adair's sister helps her out and "Tobey" returns to the office in triumph.

The next day Mr. Adair is found murdered. Here the real elements of mystery, love, and pathos, are introduced and hold one's fascination to the end. How and why Mr. Adair is murdered form the main theme of the story, but no less interesting are the love affairs of the two Adair brothers, Duncan and Collin.

Altogether there is not a dull page in this book—a book which one will lay aside with a profound sigh of regret that the story has come to an end.

M. J. Hamilton '27

"You're On the Air"

by Graham McNamee

IF ONE would read a book which is as interesting as a good novel, he should read the autobiography of Graham McNamee. It is not only the story of his life, but also the history of the life of radio.

Graham McNamee is the world's most popular radio announcer. We heard him broadcast President Coolidge's inauguration, the World Series of 1925 and 1926, and the series of Victor concerts given last winter over the air.

He brings to our homes that personal touch, perhaps a joke, perhaps a description of the singer's dress. His speaking voice has the sympathetic quality which only a long musical training could produce. He was a singer before he became an announcer, and had progressed so that he gave a concert in conjunction with Mme. Schumann-Heink. Why he changed his vocation, I'll let you discover.

The book is replete with autographed photographs of radio-famed people. Among these are the pictures of John McCormack, Frances Alda, Mme. Schumann-Heink and Winnifred T. Barr.

Radio fans should certainly be interested in Mr. McNamee's description of the activities which go on "behind the stage."

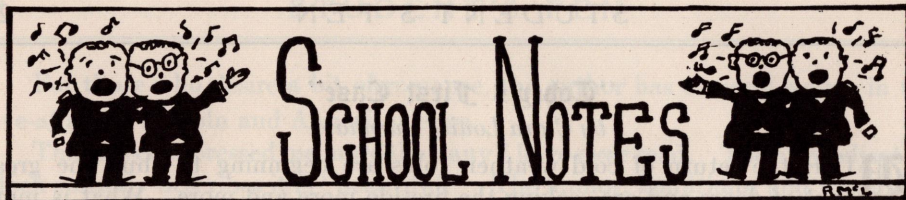
Margaret S. Moore '27

M. Tabor: "What is the richest country in the world?"

Almstead: "Ireland, of course."

M. Tabor: "Why is that?"

Almstead: "Her capital had been Dublin for many years."



Hallowe'en Assembly

"Haven't the Senior A's some fine talent? We were all pleased with their assembly and the way they presented it. Wasn't the stage attractively decorated with those groups of corn stalks stacked against the walls and the large pumpkins for each one taking part to sit on?"

We congratulate Miss Day, the Senior A Advisor, for she with the assistance of Miss Waite and Miss Pfeiffer, was responsible for the many clever ideas and the successful way the entertainment was given.

Marion Bastow presided and first introduced Marion Simmons who gave an instructive talk on the origin of Hallowe'en. Lillian Legro, the class prima donna, sang two delightful songs accompanied by Miss Day at the piano. Then Marion McGee entertained us with her recitation of James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphan Annie". "Modern Superstitions", which was given by George Loveless was most original. Arthur Bloch played a violin solo accompanied by Florence Preston at the piano. A ghost story by Mark Twain, told by Olaf Johnson, concluded the program and the way he related it thrilled the assemblage. It was surely a fitting ending for such a fine program.

This was the first of a series of assemblies to be given by the different classes and if all are as well given as this one was, we have something to look forward to.

Education Week

The week of November 7-14 was observed throughout the country as Education Week for the purpose of furthering interest in education. Monday was Constitutional Rights Day—Tuesday, Patriotism Day—Wednesday, Equal Opportunity Day—Thursday, Armistice Day—Friday, Know Your School Day.

Each day there was an A period with special programs carried out in the home rooms. On Thursday, Armistice Day, a general assembly was held in the auditorium under the direction of the C. M. T. C. Club. The program was as follows:

- March (Selected), Orchestra
- C. M. T. C. Club enters with colors
- Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag (school)
- "Star Spangled Banner" (school)
- Address: Captain Joseph Ivers Lawrence
- "America the Beautiful" (school)
- Echo "Taps"
- Exit of colors
- March (Selected), Orchestra

Mary Flynn '27

A Correction

In the October issue of *The Student's Pen* there appeared an article in which were listed the names of those elected to our Pro-Merito Society. Thru an unfortunate error this list was not complete, for the following names which should have been included were omitted: Marjorie Redding, Fred Carpenter, and Jean Mendel. This correction makes the list complete to date.

An assembly was held on Thursday, October 14th by the Varsity Letter Club. Fred Chester acted as chairman and each speaker was introduced in a very witty manner. The speakers were Bill Hetsler, Charles Wells, Bob Goodman, Coach Carmody, and Mr. Strout. Each one urged us to show our school spirit at the Lee game, which was to be played the following Saturday. Special stress was put on the fact that the spectators played an important part in the game. Their presence encouraged the "eleven" to put their best efforts into play. Coach Carmody also impressed upon our minds the fact that the letter the boys received meant more than merely a decoration. It showed that they had given much of their needed time to the hard work which must be put into the game for victory. In closing Merrill Tabor led the school in cheering.

Hopi Indians

On October 20th there was much excitement around P. H. S. for word had spread that there was to be an assembly in which the Hopi Indians would take part. Indians! What an attraction for an assembly. There were four genuine Hopi Indians and in addition, Mrs. "Hoot" Gibson, wife of the movie actor. In introducing each Indian, a white man, an accepted member of the tribe, was able to tell us of the many peculiarities and customs of the Indians, and this proved not only interesting but educational. One Indian talked to the student body in the Indian language. Of course it was all "Greek" to us, but the white man interpreted it as being merely "Hello". We were then treated to a vocal solo by another Indian who sang in English. Our generous applause brought an encore of the tribe's national anthem in which they all took part. The last number on the program was the Indian's victory war dance, which caused much amusement.

S. Sexton '27

Mass Meeting for the Drury Game

Determined to conquer Drury at North Adams on October 30th with our strong team and the help of some school spirit, a mass meeting was held in the auditorium at recess on the Friday before the game. Much enthusiasm was shown as victory practically meant the championship of Berkshire County and also the first defeat of Drury in a league game in three years.

With Fred Chester presiding, the members of the first team spoke and were met with much applause from the students.

Our boys kept all their promises and defeated the ancient rivals after the hardest battle of the year. We agree that something aroused our spirit for there was a large attendance from P. H. S. on hand for the game despite the rain. We hope that such large and enthusiastic crowds will turn out for the rest of the season.

Senior A Notes--Commercial

The Senior A Class at Commercial has elected the following class officers for their final term: President, Catherine Tone; Vice-President, Ruth Martin; Secretary, Irene Sheridan; Treasurer, Helen Wolff; Class Advisor, Miss Downes; Sunshine Committee: Harriet Wilkey, Patrick Mahon; Bank Trustees: Margaret Cannon, Viola Austin; Bank: President, Margaret Cannon; Vice-President, Viola Austin; Treasurer, Dorothy Philbin.

Senior Hop Committee

At a class meeting held November 4, the following committees were elected at Commercial for the Senior Hop: Business Committee: Ruth Martin, Ruth Barney; Decorating: Elizabeth Hoff, Helen Wolff, Irene Sheridan, Edna Ainley; Checking: Charles Leahy, Patrick Mahon; Reception: Gladys Bell, Harriet Wilkey, Alberta Hebert, Celia Manley; Refreshment Committee: Virginia Burns, Dorothy Rice, Viola Austin, Sonia Boxer.

The Senior A Class
Catherine Tone, *President*

Varsity Letter Club

A few weeks ago a group of boys met in the auditorium with the Coach for the purpose of forming a Varsity Letter Club. All boys who have earned their letter in one or more sports are eligible to join this new organization.

The main object of this club is to raise the value of the "P". There are many students who do not realize the full value of the school insignia, but this letter represents weeks and weeks of hard work as well as taking knocks, bumps and sometimes broken bones in practice and many scoldings from the coach.

Also at this meeting it was decided that hereafter all assemblies pertaining to athletics would be conducted by the Varsity Letter Club.

This is the first club of its kind ever formed in the school. It is probable that a great many boys will be induced to go out for athletics as the result of the formation of this club. Fred Chester was chosen President and Edgar Almstead, Secretary.

Jason Martin '28

Mr. Lucey: "What is a point?"

K. Killian: "It's a little thing that comes at the end of a sentence."

* * * *

G. Loveless: "Miss Mills, do all the shades come from Hades?"

Miss Mills: "Why, yes."

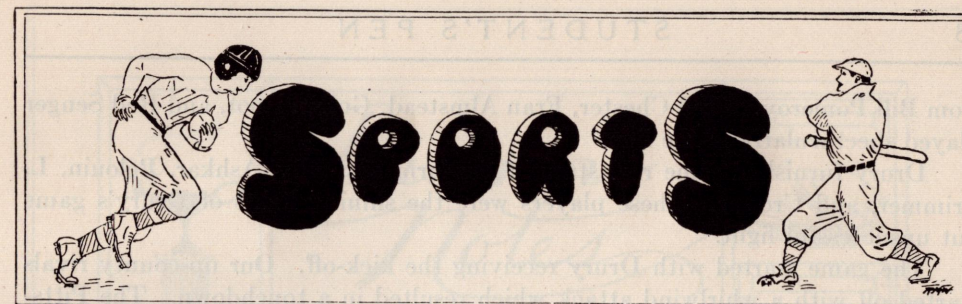
G. Loveless: "Oh, no, they don't. Those (pointing to the curtains) come down from above."

* * * *

Bill Pomeroy (very hopeful): "Mother, I think I'll shave."

Mother: "You will not."

Father (slyly): "Go ahead. She'll never know the difference."



Pittsfield 49--Lee 0

Saturday, October 2nd, P. H. S. overwhelmed Lee on Pittsfield's home field by a score of 49-0. It was the second league victory for P. H. S. and the third loss for Lee. The Pittsfield backfield ran wild and registered a touchdown in less than two minutes of play. Coach Carmody used many substitutes so as to give them as much experience as possible. Teddy Combs ran sixty-three yards to score Pittsfield's last touchdown, which, incidentally, was the last of the game.

Thus Pittsfield advanced another rung up the ladder toward their predicted championship.

R. Burns '29

Pittsfield 14--Adams 0

Pittsfield High eliminated Adams from the championship struggle by defeating them 14-0 at Wahconah Park before one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed a high school football game in this city. The two thousand people that were at the game received their money's worth as the game was well played from the kick-off to the final whistle. Both teams fought hard, but Pittsfield had much more power in its attack, while Adams never carried the ball inside of Pittsfield's twenty-yard line. Bill Pomeroy received much credit for the victory as he scored all fourteen points. The ball carriers of P. H. S. ran well and were given exceptionally good interference. Ano made many pretty runs, while Teddy Combs ran the ends for big gains. "Hank" Garrison and Gollan Root each gathered in forward passes which were highlights of the game. Pittsfield was well on its way to another touchdown as the whistle blew, the ball being on Adams' one-yard line.

Adams gave Pittsfield some real opposition, but the powerful team under Coach Carmody was not to be stopped in its dash for the Berkshire championship.

John Condron '27

Pittsfield 18--Drury 6

As the cold, grey dusk settled upon the final minutes of a game replete in thrills, a single figure broke forth from the struggling mass and dashed madly down the field, eluding all tacklers, and fell over the last white line, ending a game which had thrilled the spectators from the start. A cheer arose from the crowd, acclaiming the victory for which Pittsfield had fought so hard and had won by the team's united efforts. Thus Bill Pomeroy furnished a fitting climax to one of the best contested games ever played in Berkshire county. Bill was not the only star of the game as Ano and Teddy Combs turned in some wonderful runs, to say nothing of their defensive work. Hank Garrison played an important part in the victory by registering a touchdown after catching a forward pass

from Bill Pomeroy. Fred Chester, Fran Almstead, Gollan Root, and Red Senger played spectacularly in the line.

Drury furnished some real stars in the form of Scully, Ashkar, Belouin, L. Primmer, and Crosier. These players were the shining lights of Drury's game but unsuccessful fight.

The game started with Drury receiving the kick-off. Our up-county rivals started off with a whirlwind attack which resulted in a touchdown. The Pittsfield defense seemed paralyzed. Drury soon gained possession of the ball and was starting a second offensive attack when the period ended.

The second quarter looked like a repetition of the first, but a brilliant tackle by Goldie Root stopped the Drury threat on our twenty-yard mark. Here Pittsfield's line held like a stonewall and we gained possession of the ball on downs. Ano and Combs then started a series of sweeping end runs which carried the pigskin to Drury's twenty-yard line. Teddy Combs, behind excellent defense, skirted the end for twenty yards and Pittsfield's first touchdown. The score was now a tie as the try for the goal was missed. After the kick-off Pittsfield soon gained possession of the ball and in the last few minutes of the first half Bill Pomeroy tossed a long forward pass to Hank Garrison, who trotted over the line for the second touchdown, which put Pittsfield ahead to stay.

The third period saw no scoring as both teams were playing a great defensive game.

The last quarter started with Pittsfield in possession of the ball. Neither team made much progress until the quarter was nearly over. Pittsfield had the ball at about mid-field. Ano tore off ten yards and Pomeroy turned in his magnificent run adding six more points to our credit. The final whistle blew shortly after the kick-off to Drury, and the score read—Pittsfield 18, Drury 6. Thus another great battle between these bitter rivals came to an end. *Merrill Tabor '27*

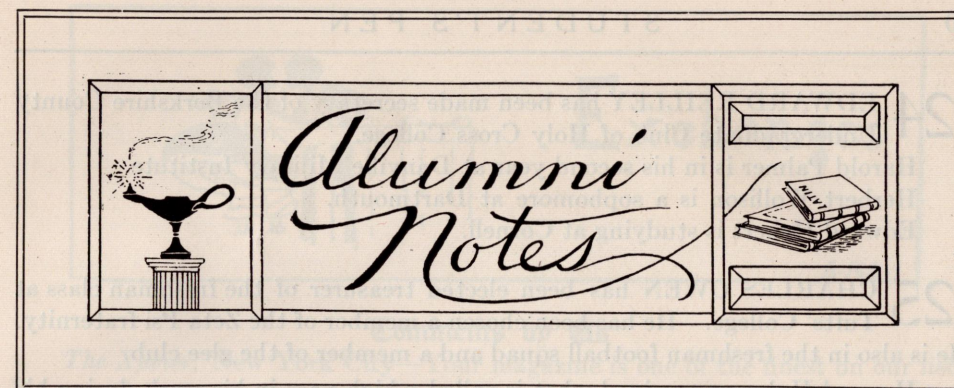
Pittsfield 20--M. A. C. 7

Pittsfield added another brilliant victory to her already long list by defeating the Massachusetts Agricultural College second-year team Saturday, November 6th, at Amherst. It was an even greater victory than the score shows as Hank Garrison did not play during any of the game, while Bill Pomeroy was in only for a short time.

Pittsfield had its own way in the first half scoring twice through the efforts of Ted Combs and Fran Almstead. Charley Robinson scored the other points in the final quarter and assured Pittsfield of a victory. The college team secured their only points in the third period by a steady plunging attack down the field. They had nearly scored a second time when Pittsfield obtained the ball through the watchfulness of Capt. Teddy Combs, who detected an illegal pass on the part of M. A. C. Pittsfield kept its goal from danger during the rest of the game and scored again.

Some of the highlights of the game were Ano's seventy-six-yard punt, Teddy Comb's off-tackle thrusts, and Butter's line plunging for M. A. C.

Pittsfield has been scored on only twice this year for a total of thirteen points, while our team has amassed the grand total of one hundred and seventy-nine points. This is a record which any school may be proud of. *Merrill Tabor '27*



'21 WORD has been received from West Point that John T. Hopper, formerly associate editor of *The Pen*, has contributed to the October issue of "The Pointer", the Cadets' semi-monthly magazine, a story entitled "Kiss Biscuits". It is a tale of the Great War, written in a slightly farcical vein; relating the heroic deeds of one Jim Dawson, in protecting the box of biscuits received from his sweetheart at home. Jim, actuated by this protective spirit, when he and three of his buddies are taken prisoners by the Boches, takes the initiative in overcoming their captors, and attacking the Germans in the rear with one of their own machine guns. For this valorous act, the four pals are decorated by their regimental commander. The narrative is well-written and decidedly humorous in places.

Cadet Hopper was appointed to the United States Military Academy from the first Congressional district of Massachusetts by the Honorable Allen T. Treadway. He was made Cadet corporal, August 28th, 1925; was a member of the Intra-Mural championship football team, 1923; the hockey team, 1923-24; the lacrosse team, 1924; Sunday School teacher 1924-25-26; member of the Catholic Chapel Choir, 1923-26; associate editor of "The Pointer," 1926, and literary editor, 1927. Cadet Hopper has also served as Cadet supply sergeant and as a member of the Plebe detail during the current year.

Clifford Shipton was graduated from Harvard University in June, receiving his degree Cum Laude. Because of his high standing he was awarded an honorary fellowship which enables him to study this year for his Master's degree.

'22 DOROTHY FRENCH received her A.B. degree from Smith College in June. During her freshman year she was on the honor list and for the past two years was on the Dean's List. She received her degree with Cum Laude. She is now working in the Actuary Department of the Berkshire Life Insurance Co.

'23 GEORGE GERST is a senior at M. I. T. He has been made president of the Si Delta fraternity.

Dorothy Tone is studying at Framingham Normal.

Dorothy Beardsley is a student at New England Conservatory of Music.

'24 EDWARD REILLEY has been made secretary of the Berkshire County Undergraduate Club of Holy Cross College.

Harold Palmer is in his second year at Danville Military Institute.

Herbert Wollison is a sophomore at Dartmouth.

Edward Hebert is studying at Cornell.

'25 CHARLES OWEN has been elected treasurer of the freshman class at Tufts' College. He has been chosen a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity. He is also in the freshman football squad and a member of the glee club.

Howard Hulsman received what is called a high pass in his work during his first year at Harvard.

Norman Hollister—University of Pennsylvania.

Philip Ayer—Cincinnati University.

Donald Curtis—(Soph Year) Pennsylvania State College.

Bertha Fobes—North Adams Normal.

'26 FEBRUARY CLASS:

Francis Campion is working in New York.

George Donald is working at the Alling Rubber Co.

Peter Garden is working in Liggetts'.

Grace Laramee is working in an office of the General Electric Company.

Mina Decker, secretary at the Economy Wholesale Grocery Co.

Evelyn Gooley working in the Kane Jewelry Store.

Edward Connally is president of his Class at St. Michael's College.

JUNE CLASS:

Rosemary Haylon has been elected president of the freshman class at St. Rose's College in Albany.

John Gannon has been made treasurer of the Berkshire County Undergraduate Club of Holy Cross College.

Willard Shepardson—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

James Musgrove—University of Vermont.

Robert Seaver—Hamilton College.

A very interesting enterprise is being undertaken by the June Class of Commercial. A bulletin is being published monthly under the name of "The Twenty-Sixers' Bulletin." The first issue contained information concerning members of the class. Succeeding bulletins are expected to contain articles written by members of the class.

Foster: "And you were the sole survivor of the wreck?"

Curtis: "Yes."

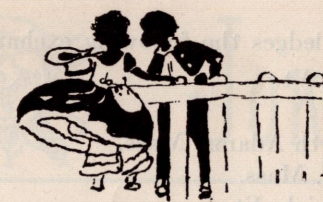
Foster: "How were you saved?"

Curtis: "I missed the train."

* * * *

Turkey (Thanksgiving morning) "Gobble-gobble-

Helen Barton (six hours later) Gobble-gobble-



Exchanges

A.M.C.

Comments by Us

The Xavier, New York City—Your magazine is one of the finest on our list. Its material measures right up to the high-water mark. We think that a few jokes and more cuts would make it a complete success.

The Kensington Distaff, Philadelphia, Pa.—Many thanks for your congratulations. We found your paper to be strikingly interesting and lively. We liked "The Arm Chair" oh!—"muchly". Wonder if you couldn't squeeze in more editorials, and more original jokes.

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.—It seems rather late to be commenting on Commencement numbers, but we've just received your copy—so here goes. We have no unfavorable comments this time—only the heartiest compliments. Please accept them.

The Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.—It is plain that Athletics play an important role in your school life, but we are convinced that you devote too much space to that one feature. Your literary department contains well written material, but—well, we feel confident that you could round up a few more authors.

The Lore, Lewistown, Pa.—Welcome to our exchange list. We have looked you all over, and decided to like you. The cover of your Hallowe'en number was especially appropriate and attractive. We suggest, however, that you comment on your exchanges, and add a joke department. Our sincerest wishes for the success of future issues.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.—Another graduation number, and more belated comments. We were delighted to see so many charming faces beaming out at us. A well-edited issue.

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.—Congratulations on your splendid exchange department. But aren't your editorials rather short? and school notes are always interesting, you know.

The Chips, Richmond, Vt.—Poet's Corner is one of the nicest features of your little paper. Don't you ever name your editorials we wonder? We feel certain that they would be much more appealing if they had titles.

The Clarion, Fair Haven, Vt.—We always look for your jokes the first thing—they're so genuinely funny. More editorials would improve you immensely.

The Hartfordian, White River Junction, Vt.—For a small publication your literary department deserves comment. Glad to know that L. C. is so fond of his—or is it her—French book. "My Beloved" was certainly amusing.

Comments by Others

The Student's Pen—You have an all around good magazine but why not have an individual table of contents.—*The Taconic*, Williamstown, Mass.

The Student's Pen gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges:—

Clarion—Fair Haven, Vt.
 Cue—Albany, N. Y.
 Drury Academy—North Adams, Mass.
 Exponent—Greenfield, Mass.
 Hardwickian—Hardwick, Vt.
 Hartfordian—Hartford, Vt.
 Fort George Lantern—New York City
 Lore—Lewistown, Pa.
 Mercyon—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 Murdock Murmurs—Winchendon, Mass.
 Netop—Turners' Falls, Mass.
 Record—Boston, Mass.
 Shucis—Schenectady, N. Y.
 Student's Review—Northampton, Mass.
 Xavier—New York City
 Chips—Richmond, Vt.
 Red and Black—Claremont, N. H.
 Kensington Distaff—Philadelphia, Pa.
 Taconic—Williamstown, Mass.
 Garnet and White—West Chester, Pa.

Slippery ice

—very thin,

Pretty girl

—tumbled in,

Saw a boy

—on a bank,

Gave a shriek

—then she sank,

Boy on bank

—heard her shout,

Jumped right in

—helped her out,

Now he's hers

—very nice,

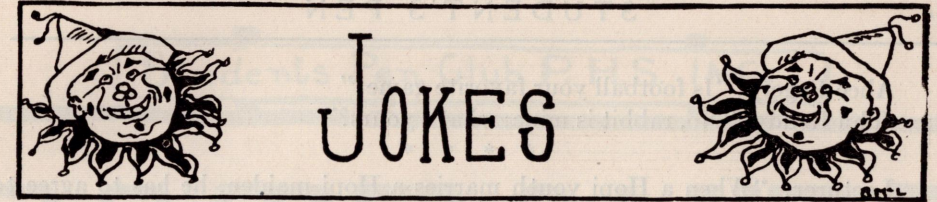
But she had

—to break the ice.

—Garnet and White.

WHEN DOG BITES NEAR RELATIVES, IT'S NEWS

The dog ran into the house of Stephen Bellis in the village and bit his aunt, Miss Alice Billman, in the foot.



Mrs. Bennett (to Ford, who was reciting well after a slow start): "Well, Ford, when you're cranked up, you really can go."

* * * *

A pair of owls flew through an open window into Miss Morris' room. We understand that they exasperated her by repeatedly saying, "To who," instead of, "To whom."

* * * *

E. Brown: (In bookstore buying Latin book): "Is this a free translation?"

Clerk: "Why, no. It will cost you three dollars."

* * * *

Mr. Huban: "Is this your father's signature?"

MacNeil: "Yes, as near as I could get it."

* * * *

Mr. Russell: "Your work is quite original?"

G. Beebe: "Oh yes, Mr. Russell, even the spelling is my own."

* * * *

Mr. Allen: "What is limburger cheese composed of?"

Voice in rear: "It isn't composed; it's decomposed."

* * * *

Bob Burbank: "I heard a short speech last night, and it moved me very much S. Gamwell: "What was that?"

Bob Burbank: "I was parked in front of a hydrant and a cop told me to move on."

* * * *

Mr. Murray (illustrating the reason why Columbus sought a new route to the Indies): "Suppose that you always used the same path going home and each night someone robbed you of your pocketbook. What would you do?"

Mary Flynn (sleepily): "Leave the pocketbook home."

* * * *

G. Loveless (in Latin class): "Miss Mills, what's the difference between a fluke and a flunk?"

Miss Mills: "I don't know."

G. Loveless: "A fluke holds back a ship and a flunk holds back a pupil."

* * * *

Miss Power to F. Carpenter: "Carpenter, you're always in the midst of all the melees in this school."

F. Carpenter (after Miss Power had left): "If she ever calls me an Oriental again, I'll leave school."

* * * *

Katherine Killian still enjoys aesthetic division in room 8. This unusual form of mathematics is commonly called synthetic division.

* * * *

Bob Pomeroy: "What animal makes the nearest approach to man?"

Miriam Bastow: "The mosquito."

Alice Pagery: "Is football your favorite game?"

John Reddy: "No, rabbit is mine; what's yours?"

* * * *

Lecturer: "When a Hopi youth marries a Hopi maiden, he has to agree to support her entire family."

Mr. R...: "No wonder they're a dying race."

* * * *

'Bill' Kelly: "What was that joke about that Mr. Brierly told us in class?"

Goodman: "I don't know. He didn't say."

* * * *

Pi Learned: "Poor Bill, he's troubled with halitosis."

Controy: "Too bad. What caused it?"

'Pi' Learned: "Oh, he hasn't got it. He just can't spell it."

* * * *

Miss Kelly: "Rainey, did you get a deficiency?"

Rainey: "No."

Miss Kelly: "I'm sure I sent one to you."

Rainey (confidently): "Oh no, my father got the deficiency; I got the lecture."

* * * *

Miss Morris: "Is there anyone here who has learned a new word within the last week?"

Helen Bump: "I have. It is buffoonery."

Voice of study pupil: "That isn't new; it was used by Shakespeare."

* * * *

'Dot' Corley: "They say that all good boys die young."

Helen Preston: "Of course, they'd have to die young to be that way."

* * * *

Miss Waite: "What is meant by the expression, 'Johnson did hackwork?'"

Ayres: "He drove a cab."

* * * *

Teacher (explaining "emotion"): "Joy is an emotion. Anger is an emotion. Any feeling is an emotion. Mary, give me an example of emotion."

Mary: "The itch."

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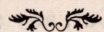
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